

A NEW SONG.

Or, *Englands Outcry against the late*
Lord Chancellour Jefferies.

To a pleasant new-Tune.

YOU *Protestants* all draw near to this place,
And some of the Roguries I will rehearse
Of *Jeffery George* who was once the Recorder
Has put the whole Nation into a disorder;

For which Villains part,
I think in my heart,
He ought to be tide to the tale of a Cart,
And for to be Whipt without any delay,
From *New-Gate* to *Tyburn*, along the High-way.

Since Whipping's made Law by the Baron of *Wem*,
The Bread that he broke shou'd be broken agen,
For *Johnson* and *Oats*, he whipp'd without cause;
He ought to be punish'd for breaking our Laws,

And advancing the *Pope*,
For which I do hope

His Honor at *Tyburn* will peep through a Rope,
Which is his desert and th' Effects of his Dream,
For driving like *Je-hu* along with the Stream.

Remember the Bishops, your Pride and Ambition,
How you from the *Crown* obtain'd a Commission
To Try all the Clergy that preacht against *Rome*;
'Twas the Pride of your Heart that made you presume

To be such a thing
Cajoal'd by the King,

You've made the whole Land of your Roguries ring,
You seized our Charters and struck at the *Test*,
Remember you hang'd up the Men in the *West*.

But now you're in *Limbo* with your Goggle Eyes,
For giving false Judgment and telling of Lyes.
In the *Equity-Court* you will no more Bawl,
Now all your Upholders are gone from *Whitehall*,
And left you behind,
Which is very unkind;
But Oh by me Shoul'tis a *Protestant Wind*
That brought the *Prince* in, and blow'd *Popery* out,
And you'll be advanc'd at *Tyburn* no doubt.

F I N I S.